

## CAST IRON GRAVES.

## A St. Louis Undertaker Plays a Game of Poker and Discusses Coffins.

"Speaking of coffins," said an undertaker addressing a party of friends with whom he chanced to be playing a game of poker in his back office, yesterday afternoon, for the cigars. "Speaking of coffins, I must say that the patent burglar proof burial cases is not creating a very profound sensation in the West. To day a coffin drummer called on me and almost talked me to death in trying to convince me that burglar proof graves were rapidly supplanting the commonplace graves of stone and clay. He even went so far in describing their advantages as to declare that they were fire-proof, meaning by his remarks, perhaps, that his patent graves, boxes, or whatever you choose to call them, were capable of resisting the destructive elements of nature. Of course I had to laugh heartily at this statement, as a fire-proof coffin was something new to me. Such luxuries might find a ready market in the volcanic regions of Mexico or in South America, where graves fall through gaps made by earthquakes, into the seething fire that constitutes the bowels of the earth, but in this section they struck me as one of the novelties we can well dispense with. Besides, there is nothing to be made by investing in such a thing as a fire-proof grave, as tombs are never covered by insurance.

"The young man grew somewhat impatient when I laughed. With a frown he exclaimed: 'I see very plainly that you have construed what I have said literally. I will not amend my remark as my burial cases are really fire-proof. That does not make them any more salable, of course; but it goes to show they are very durable and substantial. Some superstitious people who believe in literal fire beyond the grave would perhaps feel a little more secure if they thought they were to be buried in fire proof graves. Aside from this however, allow me to remark that the coffins or boxes are very valuable, as they defy body snatchers and keep out water and insects.

"Finally, finding I had no notion of laying in a stock of iron graves the young man left me in disgust."

"Is it really true that there are burglar-proof and fire-proof graves," inquired a young man on the other side of the table, as he marked up his points, and began to shuffle the cards.

"Why bless your soul of course there are," replied the good humored undertaker as he felt in his pocket for his tobacco pouch. "The burglar proof grave was patented some years ago after the body of A. T. Stewart disappeared from New York. As that event was followed by some horrible grave robberies in Cincinnati a Yankee conceived the idea that it would be an excellent thing to invent a burglar-proof grave. After experimenting for some time he finally produced an iron box with an iron lid, sufficiently large to hold a coffin. The lid of the box contained a spring lock on the inside, so that the box could not be reopened after being closed. For sometime these graves found a ready sale, but like many other styles they have ceased to be popular. Very often after a corpse has been put under the ground, especially if insurance companies or benevolent societies are interested, it is necessary to exhume it and have a post-mortem examination held. This is an extremely difficult task to perform, as the box with its patent spring lock on the inside cannot be opened in a quiet manner. It must either be blown up like a burglar-proof safe or broken into pieces with heavy sledges or hammers. The chances are that the corpse will be badly disfigured before it can be extricated from the box."

Here the game and the narrative were brought to a close.

## Th Art of Thinking

One of the best modes of improving the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master: you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid: what you have omitted and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch the manner in which a great mind views a great question. It is right to study; not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit in some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other more general truths, so their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and a particular truth at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided

superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without any attempt at classification or arrangement. Some men read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its appearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others, little with it; some are fountains, others reservoirs.—Sidney Smith.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

## A Southern Colored Republican Leader's Opinion of Governor Cleveland.

W. A. Pledger, the colored chairman of the republican executive committee of Georgia, said yesterday, in speaking of the attitude of the colored race towards the coming administration of Cleveland as president:

"I believe that his administration will be characterized by such conservatism as will make it one of the most successful in the history of our presidents. In this view I have with me many of the most prominent colored republicans throughout the south. We made every effort to elect Mr. Blaine because he was the candidate of the republican party, and the colored people have always voted with that party. Since his defeat our people have been more than gratified at the course of our white democratic friends. Nothing but the kindest words have been spoken for us. We recognize the fact that the white democrats of the south are those among whom our fortunes are cast. I can safely say, in speaking for myself and 7,000,000 colored people of the south, that if Governor Cleveland's administration carries out only half of the promise which have been made before the next election the colored vote will be equally divided between the two parties. There is no reason why the colored vote should be solidly republican. There is every reason why it may become largely democratic. I number among my friends many of the most prominent democrats of the state, and their kind expressions towards our race when harshness might have been expected assures me that among them are to be found the true friends of the colored man. This silly sensation about negroes being put back into slavery has, I am sorry to say, been spread among the colored people. They now find that they have been imposed on, and they have already become thoroughly reconciled to the election of the democratic ticket. It was first started as a mere joke, but was looked upon by the more fearful in a serious light. We believe that the administration of Governor Cleveland will be a good one."

Pledger is the leader of the colored people in the state and is the collector of custom in Atlanta.

## A Sleepy Groom.

Rather an unusual and amusing episode took place on the occasion of the nuptials of Mr. M. G. C. Squibb of Bois d'Arc to Miss Nora Massey at Springfield Mo., last week. The preparations were all made, the guests present, the minister in attendance, the bride expectant and impatiently awaiting the arrival of her spouse. Six o'clock came and all was in readiness, but no groom. The minutes dragged slowly and expectantly began to assume the air of uncertainty. The quarter came and jokes began to become serious. Six-thirty and the bride grows nervous, guests shake their heads and look doubtful. At seven a messenger was sent to the hotel where the groom was stopping; a search was made and the delinquent was found in deep slumber, doubtless wandering through the land of dreams hand in hand with his bride. When he was rudely awakened and hurriedly brought into the presence of the guests whose patience had been so tested and of his bride whose nervous system had received such a shock, his explanation that visions of future happiness so soon to be realized had prevented him from sleeping until almost morning and then exhausted nature had sought repose in slumber so deep that even the arrival of the happy hour was unheeded, was not received with sufficient favor to prevent the reading of the first chapter of connubial discipline, after which the marriage ceremony proceeded, and the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends and the groom and their admonitions in regard to keeping his wife waiting."

This perhaps is the first case ever recorded in which a groom overslept himself unless he had been fooling round the wine cup.

## "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 & 25c.

## A BULL AND THE LOCOMOTIVE

## A Railroad Incident in Old Mexico.

A new railroad was in process of construction, and a pass was secured, permitting me to ride on the engine, and I reached the end of the grade in the afternoon. Nearly a score of "Greasers" claimed passage on the engine and tender, and clustered like flies to the molasses, though repeatedly warned away. As it was, the cow-catcher was covered with them, and we slid out into the gloaming with all our passengers in front instead of behind the engine. The fireman's seat, above and to the left of the furnace door, was given to me—a warm location. The sun went down, and into the darkness the headlight threw a saffron gleam over the rails, followed by a ruddy glow, and then a broad shaft of light projected far in advance. The red faded out of the sky, and we sped into the dismal depths with a rattle and a roar that silenced us all, and with a jolting and crashing that necessitated a firm grip upon some support. At intervals of three or four minutes the active fireman swung open the furnace door with a bang, and shoved into its fiery throat fresh fuel for its insatiate maw. Not a word was spoken, but at a nod from the engineer the assistant attended to his duties like an automaton—first to turn a cock and let the hissing steam full into our faces; then to pull the bell rope; next to run out to trim the headlight, and ever and again to jerk open the clanging door and rake up the almost molten mass of living coals within. With one hand on the lever the engineer peered out into the illuminated space ahead—to him familiar ground, but to me mysterious and unknown.

"That's the talk!" chuckled the engineer, as headway was gained, and we were dashing down the track at tremendous speed. "Just hear her now! Did you ever notice, young man, that an engine can talk? Well, she can. Didn't you hear her puff and grunt like a human, as we started off? 'Oh, pehaw!' she begins, 'what do you want? choo, choo, choo! here goes! here you go! now you have it? How is that? how is that? Give it to her! Break her heart! break her back! break her—'

"Jerusalem! Jim, look ahead! See that infernal old bull on the track right between the rails and head on. Jim, I can't stop her! Blamed if the old woman don't mean fight! She means to knock the stuffin out of that bull! Heaven help them Greasers on the cow-catcher! Hold on to something, boys, boys! She will fight! Dog-gone her old heart, but she's a bantam!"

The lever swung over the entire arc of the gauge, and the steam hissed in a volume through the open throttle, but the contrary old engine, though trembling and sobbing with the strain, shook her mailed sides, "taking the bits in her teeth," and leaving our driver agast.

"Santa Maria! Somos perdidos! We're lost!" wailed the despairing Mexicans.

"Guess they be," muttered the fireman; "and I wouldn't want to insure our own!"

Crash! The foe had met. The bull, oh, where was he? Ask the remains that now bestrewed the track. Ask the sturdy old engine, now come to a halt, her gory front intact, and who was now snorting defiance and victory.

And the Mexicans?

"Jim! look down ahead and see if she's hurt. Hokey! ain't it dark!"

Jim jumped through the cab window and ran ahead. As he did so he stumbled over a body, and another, and three white forms came out of the gloom to meet him.

"Guess it's all right," he shouted back.

"What! ain't she damaged a bit?"

"Kind o' bloody an' battered, but esh as a daisy. She ain't lost even tooth."

"Ain't she a tearer?"

"You bet."

"Well, come up. Any greasers kill'd?"

"Guess not; seem to be all here."

"Any damaged?"

"Don't seem to be"—after a hurried questioning. "You see, three of 'em jumped, and t'other two crawled up just in time to save their skins."

"Is that so? Didn't know a Greaser could be so sory. I did kind of hope—but no matter; I s'pose it would agone wuss if we laid out any one. There'll be a row about that old bull, as 'tis; and they'll bring a bill of \$60 for his carcass; and I'm ready to swear that them Greasers are drivin' 'em up on the track as fast as I can run 'em off! But she just dispersed old toro, didn't she, Jim?"—The Express Journalan.

## PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

## The White House Barber Must Go.

Washington Special.

When Grant was president he had a colored barber, whom he had designated to shave him, appointed to a clerkship in the fourth auditor's office, treasury department. At least he was carried on the rolls of that office as a clerk, but he did but little work in the treasury. He barberized Grant twice a week, and also shaved Porter, Babcock and others of Grant's official household. He was not kept at work one hour a day on an average. Hayes kept him, and so did Garfield. He is now the official barber of the white house, and, besides attending to the president, shaves Phillips, the private secretary, and the white house clerks. Through an intimate friend he tried to fix himself with Governor Cleveland. Cleveland's answer was after hearing the application: "That's one office I will abolish. The treasury department will not have to pay for my barber."

## A Political Reminiscence.

Boston Post.

"Rutherford," said Mrs. Hayes as she watched that gentleman slowly mixing the meal for the chickens which were peeping about him waiting to be fed. "Rutherford, they say that that man Cleveland is really elected." "So I have heard," answered Mr. Hayes as he filled the dough dish and listened to the plaintive peep of a little chick evidently coming down with pip, "but they will probably be able in some way to count him out. You know we counted out Tilden eight years ago. Now that was a curious affair. You see," he continued, contemplatively, as he knifed over with his spoon an adventurous chick that was climbing into the dough dish, "when they counted out Til—" "Mr. Hayes," cried Lucy with a frown, "will you look after those chickens and then count out the eggs for market?" And as the ex-occupant of the white house went back to his work and began to get the eggs ready for market, he thought of the good old times of 1876, and absently counted eight eggs into a space that only held seven.

## How A Mouse Broke up a Family

Gree castle Press.

A lady in Coseytown discovered a mouse in the family flour barrel. She summoned her husband and told him to get the gun, call the dog and station himself near the scene of onslaught. Getting up on a high chair she commenced punching the flour barrel with a pole. The poor mouse soon made its appearance and started across the floor, the dog immedately in pursuit. In the excitement the man fired the gun, killing the dog, and the lady fainted and fell off the chair. The man, thinking she was dead and fearing arrest for murder, cleared out and has not been heard of since. The mouse escaped.

## An Old Field Weed.

The old field mullen has been a seemingly outcast for many years, but now it has suddenly attracted the attention of the medical world who now recognize it to be the best lung medicine yet discovered, when made into a tea and combined with sweet gum, presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping Cough and Consumption. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.

## Just in His Line.

Then meet in a dark alley. "Your money or your life!" demanded the highwayman.

The man in the silk hat gave up his money and drew him into conversation.

When the highwayman emerged from the alley he stopped to count his money.

It was gone—his own with it, every cent.

Who was the man in the silk hat? A bank cashier.—Chicago News.

## LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

## He Remembered The Baby.

Some members of the humble East Kent family have just had a fortune bequeathed to them under extraordinary circumstances. About the period of the Crimean war a laboring man named John Batt lived in Pluckley with his wife. A young workingman named Wilkinson came to reside there and became very friendly with the Batts. He used to smoke a pipe in the garden of an evening, help him in his cultivation and took a particular fancy to their newest baby, "little John Batt," carrying him about and making him presents. Batt had a married sister, who some years ago had gone out with the Mormons to America; and Wilkinson having determined to go to the United States, Batt gave him a letter of introduction to his sister. Tidings came that Wilkinson and Batt's sister and family were together, and it also transpired that the sister's husband had died. The parties made money in Denver and Salt Lake City, but for very many years nothing was heard of

them. At length, however, advertisements appeared in American and English papers to the effect that "Squire Wilkinson, of a certain city in the Mormon state had died and bequeathed his fortune amounting to £43,000 in English money, to John Batt, Pluckley, Kent, if alive, if dead to his son, John Batt, and in default of the latter to his brothers and sisters. The elder Batt died many years ago, and his wife married a green grocer. The baby, John Batt, has lately been working as a bricklayer.

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Benson's Caprine Plasters stimulate the circulation and expel disease. They stop all pain. 25c.

## Sir Thomas, The Boos Cat.

London Letter to the Boston Herald.

"Come along," said Miss Fite, a noted dealer in cats, at the show the other day, "come along and look at a few I raised myself. I have taken many prizes for cats, for this is the sixteenth annual cat show at the Crystal palace, and I've had cats in every one of them. Before the 8th of October all entries have to be made, and you pay 3 shillings and 6 pence for each separate cat entered and for each small group of kittens, which, if too young to be taken from the mother, may be sent with her. Each competitor must be packed in a separate basket. If a person don't want to sell cats, yet don't want to say so, they can put on a fancy price, though if sold 10 percent is charged on all sales. The workmen have really the finest cats on show."

All this having duly been catalogued to me, we pushed through the crowds to look at the cats of all ages, styles and colors. Little girls had been brought thither by their nurses. It was as good as a show to hear them exclaim, delightedly, at the various "kitties." I never saw a youngster who did not love a cat, and "pretty pussie" was charmed ad lib, by the little folks. There were short haired cats, long-haired cats, black cats, white cats, tabby cats, Persian, Angora, tortoise-shell cats, and only one Maltese cat. There were cross cats, amiable cats, cantankerous cats and sleepy cats, and, as if by common consent and realizing that they were all on their good behavior, there was scarcely a "meow" in the crowd save from the throat of some tiny kitten who was being bamboozled out of its proper share of dinner by its pestiferous little brother or sister kit.

Three little kittens who possibly had "lost their mittens," for "they all began to cry," were named Fluffy, Puffy and Tuffy. These were half Persian, and were ten shillings (\$25.00) apiece. In the next cage sat a dignified kitten, as black as a coal, named Tinker, only eight weeks old, priced at \$5. Lottie and Tottie, two little "swells," one black, one yellow, gamboled about their proud mother, who winked knowingly at the scrutiny of the moving crowds. "Now," said my funny little spinster guide, "here is one of my family." And she halted before a pure Persian, which bore a price ticket £1,000 and had taken half a dozen prizes.

Five, ten, twenty and 100 pounds were frequent prices tacked on their cages; but when we came to Ossidine, late Tiger, lying on an embroidered satin cushion trimmed in English bobinet lace and marked £100,000 or \$500,000, I simply took a back seat, metaphorically. Well, Ossidine was a pretty tabby cat, but I don't think I'll ever own him, unless he's raffled for a shilling a try. One, gentleman, evidently of a sporting turn of mind, who values his blue Persian at £1,000, gave his pedigree on a tinted card, as follows: "Dam Viola, by Miss Ackland's Tizza and Sultan; sire Rough, by Mrs. Powell's Lady Flora and Shah, all winners of numerous prizes." The owner of this rara avis, named Midget, 14 years old, was a physician of South Norwood, who evidently is not anxious to sell his cat.

## Perfect Sight.

As thousands can testify, there is nothing so much to be desired as perfect sight, and perfect sight can only be obtained by using perfect spectacles. C. G. Taylor, our home optician, exercises great skill and patience in fitting those needing spectacles with care and comfort to the wearer. (12-1141)

—Avoid Pills—Being largely composed of mercury they eventually ruin the stomach, but Allen's Bile Beans, a vegetable mixture, acts quickly and effectually cures. Twenty-five cents. At all druggists.

## A Remarkable Tribute.

Sidney Ourchundro, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I have used DR. Wm. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS many years with the most gratifying results. The relieving influence of HALL'S BALSAM is wonderful. The pain and rack of the body incidental to a tight cough, soon disappear by the use of a spoonful according to directions. My wife frequently sends for HALL'S BALSAM instead of a physician and health is speedily restored by its use."

## A Fair Offer.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send Dr. Dye's Voltaic Belt and Appliances on trial, for thirty days, to men, young or old, afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality, and kindred troubles. See advertisement in this paper.

## A Coming Reunion.

An interesting feature of the World's exposition at New Orleans will be a united encampment of veterans of the war, embracing the soldiers of the union and confederate armies. The board of managers of the exposition have voted \$10,000 for this purpose, and 1,000 tents will be constructed for the free accommodation of the veterans. The movement was organized under the auspices of the grand army of the republic and the local association of the confederate armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee. Captain Elger Wheeler, of Lincoln Post No. 1, G. A. R., at Topeka, Kas., has been selected as commander of the camp. The tents will be supplemented by wooden barracks, and accommodations will be provided for 10,000.



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